W.H. Hudson and His Book of Birds obliged to give orders that no one should

Shackleton in "South" Tells of the Joys of Life sane from thirst. It was during that journey that one member of the expedion Elephant Island

By Heywood Broun

H. HUDSON is one of the which we have looked in vain in all finest masters of English books about Arctic and Antarctic ex-prose, and there is cer-ploration. Nowhere in the book is to win as high a place in the regard and Long Ago." Distinctly, it is a lovers of prose style and

son's animals so well as his snakes. His birds are less individualized. They re more offish than his serpents and ess companionable for all the enthuto himself confesses that the only coper life for a bird is a roving one, ad nobody can get to know a bird well

mpathy and enthusiasm for the feath-

to high and lofty thoughts. akes between 3 and 4 in the morning, ad comments on "the pleasure of listening to the crowing of the cocks at

ive position which he place.

"That book seems you said it-it's the

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was evident that he was about to go intion records, "In the height of the gale that night Chestam was buying matches from me for bottles of champagne, one and harrowing journey are missing, but bottle per match (too cheap; I should there is nothing of the one factor for there is nothing of the one factor for champagne is to be paid when he opens his 'pub' in Hull, and I am able to call

there any satisfactory explanation of Even on Elephant Island conditions tain to be a hearty wel- the motive which moves men to venture were, perhaps, not altogether jolly, for come for the new edition of his "Birds and endure such hardships for the seem- sleep is a difficult achievement in the in Town and Village" (Dutton), with ingly slight rewards in scientific knowl- polar regions. "It is blowing hard this the beautiful color plates by E. J. Det- edge and the assuredly small return in evening," writes Sir Ernest, "cold, too. mold. The book, however, is not likeknow as romance.

that variety of adventure which we Another wonderful sunset. Golden colors illuminate the sky. The moon of the reading public as "The Book stance, just what passed through the with more vivid ones from the dipping young worm as to how to run bases.

The authors go on to explain the hook for fear he will win her back in the miliar path of the intellectual novel. of a Naturalist" or "Far Away and mind of the sailor who was told, after sun. If all was as beautiful as the scene



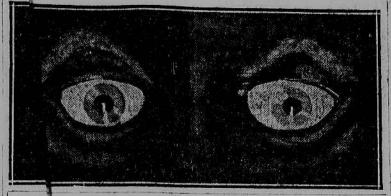
YOVER of W. H. Hudson's "Birds in Town and Village," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

man to land on Elephant Island.

gentleman of coma," writes Sir Ernest, "and in order social charm, to avoid delay I helped him, perhaps a into the bag, toggles up with half-friend, who, he the did not move. Then I suddenly realized to a hard a state almost of recept states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which was did not move. The band the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition of European states which the coalition of European states which half-half banded themselves together against the coalition

dar continent from there are many men who would suffer sit on Elephant Island.

"He seemed to be in a state almost of bag. The inside fur is a mass of ice, only to repress the ardently monarch. A Novel About Love pecting and lovesick Sonia in ignorance son of middle class, commonplace peo-



COVER design for "Ghosts I Have Seen," by Violet Tweedale, published by Stokes

colors illuminate the sky. The moon law. We are particularly thrilled by stop herself there. This is accomplished his past unworthiness ite withholds the outward adventure pale. We would have liked to know, for in- casts beautiful rays in combination the advice which the authors offer to by the slide."

retard her rogress quickly enough to such goings on?

soon as pusible, and yet not overrun beneath the runner, the trunk is nearly hearted intriguing to keep the unsus- manhood. He is the sensitive, od them and render herself liable to be erect and the position more nearly aptagged out. How can this be done? It proximates a sitting posture. As the takes too meh time for her to slow up body passes the base the runner reaches and with sorter steps so time herself out with her hand, grasps the base and that she do not overrun the bag. She retains it until the finish of the slide." must find way of running at full We wonder what Clarisea Harlowe speed, and then at the last moment or Pamela would have thought about

Romance as History

Royalist View of French Revolution Based Upon Imagination Rather Than Facts

alist bias. He present book, "The Bourbonism. French Revolution: A Study in Democ Many reasons contributed to this racy," is estensitly a history, but it preference, and the most important of

hould have the honor of being the first paradise, but it is dark and cold in the puzzling problem of how the terrorized

OME time ago Nesta H. Webster erty, equality and fraternity that have wrote a romance of the French Revolution, entitled "The Cheva-our own time. And there can be no lier ds Boufflers," which was question that the majority of the chiefly characterized by its strong roy. French people preferred Jacobinism to

is fully as remantic and fully as them is not even mentioned in Mrs. biased as its predecessor. The author Webster's royalist rhapsody. In 1789 proceeds on the theory that the French France was a country of large landneople under Louis XVI were happy, owners and starving peasants. In 1794 prosperous and contented, and that all most of these landowners had been upheavals from the fail of the Bas- guillotined or had emigrated, and the tille to the fall of Robespierre can be land was in the hands of peasants, who accounted for as the handlwork of a have retained it ever since. The dantow wicked agitators in the pay of for-eign powers and of the Duke of Or-land, of coming again under the harsh Mrs. Webster carefully arranges the yoke of feudal impositions, induced the great body of the peasants to supfacts of the case to suit her prejudices. port the Jacobin government, despite Louis XVI is a hero and Marie An- its excesses, to enlist in the national toinette a saint. The revolutionary armies raised by Carnot, "the organleaders are all monsters incarnate. All izer of victory," and to beat back the the good French people are royalists; foreigners and counter revolutionists the republicans are a pack of brigands who were trying to restore monarchism esses of Watteau as typical pensant figures in the reign of Louis XIV.

Although the plot is exciting enough

for a melodrama, its logic is wholly de-

ters are so unusual, psychologically, that it would take a George Meredith

to do justice to them, and some one

bitious and therefore somewhat preten-

An Intellectual Novel

pendent on the development of the Generally Pallid Quality of "Peter Kindred" Relieved by a Few Good Touches

By Rebecca Drucker

with a far greater gift for character analysis than Miss Ayres to make them comprehensible. We are urged to admire Richard Chatterton, although at the outset he is depicted as a slacker and a fortune hunter; and when he finally effists and loves the heroine proportion as the physical outline of acter with a suggestion. The two best more than her money it is clear that the story is unarresting is the interior drawn characters are merely suggestedthese pure emotions of patriotism and drama intensive. But the copollary to the clerk of a father who, in pursuit e love are the direct results of pique and that attitude is that the inner adven- a pathetic ideal of gentlemanhood, eacrijealousy. Although the hero realizes ture must be vivid enough to make any fices to send his son to Exeter and Harnews of his enlistment from his fiancee "Peter Kindred" follows the now fa- finds Harvard too narrow for him.

"The ruper must, as a rule," we slide and the head-first slide and an- manner of cheap melodrama. After It explores a young man's conscious-Long Ago." It is more restricted in many hours in an open bont, that he we could consider ourselves in some read, "get a second and third bases as other, which is "made with the legs bent about three hundred pages of half-ness through adolescence and young

tions and self-conscious. It is a mere skeleton-it lacks thews and sinews. ETER KINDRED," by Rob- And yet there are fine flashes in ert Nathan (Duffield), is There are sensitive, poetic, transcription in the restrained mood of mood and a fine restraint. Nathan which postulates that in has a rare capacity for sketching charvard, and the young Jew David, who

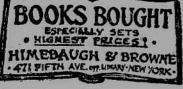
Mystery Tales

Melville Davisson Post's Stories Are Fascinating

There is a wide range of merit in felville Davisson Post's collection of llue Villa" (Appleton). There is a renarkable contrast, for instance, be ween the somber power of "Baron starkheim," the tale of a German subnarine commander, driven mad by his strocities, and the inept banality of The Pacifist," a singularly thin and unconvincing story, based upon the amiliar theme of the omnipresent Ger

As a rule, however, Mr. Post's average is high; in baseball parlance he may be called a .800 batter. He is clever and resourceful in his plots, and he almost invariably contrives to inroduce an unexpected twist at the end The war furnishes him with a good deal of material. Occasionally he dives into strange countries and draws a weird tale from mysterious Asia or the deserts of Africa . There is a touch of the exotic about the book. The author delights in strange characters and out-of-the-way places.

Mr. Post possesses the technique of he mysterious. At his best he main ains the reader's interest and curslty at a high pitch until the last de tails of the problem are solved. At element of disillusion often enters into his stories; the fond lover frequently discovers too late that the girl whom he has been pursuing is a spy or at adventuress. Full of romance, mys tery and excitement, Mr. Post's new book of stories is certain to appeal to the wide circle of readers who have been attracted by his earlier works.



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other word, entered her kitchen. Soon she heard the garden gate close and saw her master hurrying up M. Billioux recognized from afar

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danger, daring and adventure, and finally of a great joy. Told as only Zane Grey could tell in

The abbe gave a start. He had

IN EXTREMIS--By Leopold Marchand

MONSIEUR LE CURE, I have washed the dishes, and your bedroom is

Europe and his life among "All right, Suzanne. Good night." "Good night, monsieur le curé."

strange world still uncon- Billioux saw the old servant cross taminated by civilization, the garden. Then he filled his pipe Fourth Edition now printing. and lighted it. The strands of

dusk-the long dusk of midsummer, woman on the steps. The abbé gazed somewhat abstract- "Madame?" bushes, already heavy with fruit. a suppliant:

form. It seemed to him that some point of death." strange and troubling idea had en- The abbé lifted the lamp and held ting about a table covered with would have preached me a sermon, the because of what happened last "May I see him and say the last tered his soul. An indefinable and it at arm's length. In its light the wines and liqueurs and half hidden naturally."

he feel so uneasy? Why should he life, like those of a blind person. to see me?" listen so intently and now and then "I will go immediately. M. Gri- "I must have made a mistake," are at the point of death. I cannot "It was no great misfortune," the a portrait of a woman with a singuturn to look over his shoulder?

The lamp wick seemed to be very he? I will be there in a quarter of M. Griselier." low. He turned it up. But all the an hour." time he kept on listening intently.

the hum of an insect. No echo, While he walked he thought of the house."

the shoot and kill him." And, what I had forgotten, that both his feet turn over to warm the side of the bag Danton and Carnot, they did not prowere frostbitten badly. Some of us turn over to warm the sact of t to men and to ence for Blackborrow, but, anyhow, he about two hours you may doze off, but ness rather than any spirit of inherent fact, so persistently love that even the ridiculous. Her attitude toward the war priggish and irritating. The only in-

I always wake with the feeling that I bestialty that led them to employ measures of sanguinary repression.

I always wake with the feeling that I bestialty that led them to employ measures of sanguinary repression.

I always wake with the feeling that I bestialty that led them to employ great war, which provides a highly is intended to be decidedly heroine-like. tellectual excitement of his university dramatic background, fails to cast a lt is true that no patriot could demand life is a faint sophomoric flicker kindled to be decidedly heroine-like. Probably Sie Ernest is right in think. Oh, no, we should not be inclined to Their system of government, cruel and residence of the social revelation at teas and the social revelation at teas and the deal to Blackberrow, and it may be that world, even though he was the first to and disgusting orgy of bloodshed in resent the ordinary concepts of the ventional war heroise, she forgets to so cultural revelation at Boston "pop" to sit on Elephant Island, but it is the No book which we have read recently fierce and imperfect way they accom- vehicle of expression is "Gad," or over, it is a book which does not shrink snobbish Harvard intellectual. And, explanation about which we are curious is so convincing in its implication of plished a great work of social justice. "God bless my soul." There is a pen- at showing the insignificance of any fittingly enough, he falls in love with to be interesting?" rather than the incident. Of course, the advance of feminism as "Basketball They delivered France forever from the niless English lady, who maintains her- war, in comparison with the strategic and marries a Radcliffe bluestocking.

the six weeks before Robespierre's English aristocracy. There is the much as roll a bandage herself. death. But, nevertheless, in their own familiar English gentleman, whose main This is a book of love and war. More- ity, a perfectly refined, sapless, slightly Elephant Island seemed a green haven and Indoor Baseball for Women" (Scrib- iniquities of the old régime, and they self in the grand manner by marrying battles that are waged in the parlors of "Peter Kindred" is a little overly amafter the journey in the open boats, ner's), by Helen Frost and C. D. Ward- gave the world the conceptions of lib-, off promising debutantes. There is, the English aristocracy.

Sonia herself is a feeble attempt at of, a thing of pastel tones. But this GEORGE SULLY & CO., New York HE theme of Ruby M. Ayres's a Clara Middleton. She acts on impulse, same pastel treatment of his life at novel, "Richard Chatterton, V. but all along she intends to act on im-C.," published by W. J. Watt & pulse. Her inconsistencies are not dreamy, poetic attitude hardens into

HE beginning of the end of Shackleton's ship. From

Shackleton's book, "South," published by Macmillan

Translated by William L. McPherson (Copyright, 1920, New York Tribune Inc.)

Here is a little ghost story, highly appropriate to these days of the Maurice Macterlinck and Sir OliverLodge propayanda.

South Seas, in a colorful Seated by his window, the Abbé and got up noiselessly. He had been contained no more aggressive unbelioux, "I owe you an apology. Only about to leave me. I'll return, We watching the garden, still bathed in liever.

tobacco twisted themselves into deliHe carried the lamp into the narpaintings of Gauguin, in half-tone. Moretto boards. Net tobacco twisted themselves into deli-tone. Moretto boards. Net cate threads of flame. Some of them fell on a newspaper which he held chair. Then he pulled back the lighted. Without any hesitation he joke should be applied in this inbolts. Involuntarily he gave a sigh, rang the bell and then walked into stance, M. Griselier." The sun had set, but it was still Then he opened the door and saw a an antechamber. A servant ap-

> edly at the lilac plants, the little She answered very quickly, in an Before the servant could answer a you take a glass of liqueur?" beds of daisles and the gooseberry indistinct voice, but with the tone of door opened. A man appeared, im
> The abbé declined with a gesture. I thought you would be still in bed. before. There the old servant sat

"Come at once to M. Griselier's and an athletic carriage. Little by little his thoughts took house, monsieur le curé. He is at the Behind him, in a neighboring "And if," he ventured, "I had time is it?"

face of his visitor appeared almost in cigar smoke.

He closed the door brusquely. What? Who are you? I beg your straight up to Him." The silence was unbroken. Not a Then he picked up his hat and keys, pardon," he added more gently. note from a single night bird, nor put out the lamp and hurried away. am not used to seeing priests in my host had grown a little pale. He zanne checked herself. life of struggle which he had cho- He smiled. Then he made a si Somebody struck three light blows sen; for this time, too, he foresaw to the servant, who disappeared.

a vague light. Why hadn't he seen He asked his way of an old lady you were critically ill."

tion he needed, he soon arrived betion he needed, he soon arrived be"I hardly think that the word He led the priest into a little room, dead man, and like him, unbelievers. peared and stared at him with sur- "All the same," the owner of the house and returned home.

"May I see M. Griselier?"

posing in figure, with a ruddy face Griselier, his eyes lowered, twisted But here you are in your office!" in a chair, with her head in her

room, the curé saw three guests, sit- really been in my last hours, you "Six o'clock. I was delayed a lit- "What a misfortune!"

"M. Griselier? Well, I am

resistance, perhaps insult. He knew "What can I do for you?" The abbe put his pipe on the table who Griselier was that the city "Monsieur," answered Abte Bill-

house added, "you came at once. That was very considerate. Will

What was the matter? Why did livid. Her eyes were fixed, without "What is it? Does some one want have bent over you, and my only abbé asked, straightening up in his noticed on the wall opposite him a words would have been these: 'You chair. selier is the Mayor's assistant, isn't the abbé said. "I was going to see speak to you of God. But know that servant asswered shrilly. "That un- larly pure face and lines of sadness God is everywhere. He is there- believer Griselier, the Mayor's as- about her mouth. he. above you, with open arms. Go sistant, ended his sinful life sud-

> coughed, shook his head like a man "He is dead?" the abbé asked, tion her. But she anticipated him: in embarrassment, and then sudden- after a moment's hesitation.

"Go in there-into my office- "Thank) you." monsieur le curé. My friends are The serrent, without saying andied twelve years ago."

a few minutes ago I was told that will talk together. Yes, I don't know exactly—but we will exchange the visitor who had just approached? who seemed scandalized at the ques- "Some joke, evidently, at my ex- ideas. Anyway, please wait for

> Abbé Billioux knelt and prayed. An hour later he left Griselier's deep serenity.

"Good morning, Suzanne! What hands, and wept.

night." "Not at all, monsieur. I would "What happened last night?" the At that moment M. Billioux

denly, exactly at midnight." It seemed to the abbe that his The priest got up. The old Su- ing night.

"Yes. monsieur le curé."

the house toward which he was walk-

ing. A dozen persons were gath-

cussion. The circle opened as the

The hall of the house was empty. The abbé entered the room where the "Good morning, monsieur le curé! diners had had their feast the night "Ah! monsieur le curé," she sighed.

prayers at his bedside?'

recognized his visitor of the preced-He turned to the servant to ques-

"You are looking at the portrait there, monsieur le curé. It is that of madame, my master's wife. She

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